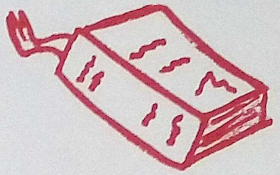
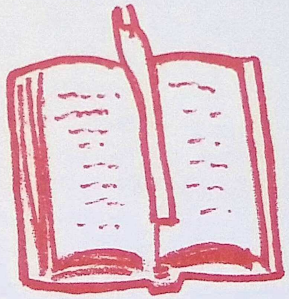
Our Point of View

Poems



Stories



North Scott Junior High
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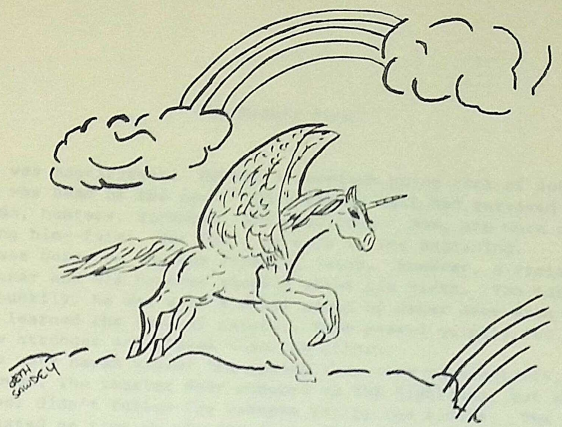
By: Jason Ploog



Welcome to "Our Point of View,"
Stories, poems, and essays, too,
Enjoy our meanderings as you read
Wherever our minds' paths may lead,
You're invited to come along
To share the fun, to sing the song.
We've written much this whole year through
To publish and to share with you.

A thank you to our special friends
Who provided the means to get the ends;
Mrs. Frieden, typist sublime,
Who got the pages done on time;
Mr. Thompson who gives us support;
Teachers who collect, edit, and sort;
Along with the print shop at AEA,
They've helped to bring our book your way.

So, sit back, relax, take in the view,
Dear Reader, our audience is you.

The Mighty Buck

The deer was magnificent! He had a fourteen point rack of antlers on his head, and was head of the herd. This mighty buck had survived many disasters; floods, hunters, sickness, and preditors. Now, one more challenge was confronting him--fire! But let's go back to the beginning.

When he was born, he was the first of twins. However, a vicious hunter killed his mother and his brother shortly after his birth. The future was on his own. Luckily, he was with a small group of other deer with which he played and learned the laws of nature. Time passed quickly for the young buck. He grew stronger and bigger than the others.

After one very harsh winter the spring thaw came unexpectedly, and severe flooding followed. The smarter deer escaped to the highlands, but some of the younger deer didn't follow the example set by the elders. The future herd leader wasted no time in getting up to the highlands. Many deer died. The few survivors stayed on high ground until they were sure that it was safe to leave.

The same spring, on their way down to their natural feeding grounds, they ran into a pack of hungry wolves. The current head buck lowered his antlers as a threat to the wolves. The wolves started circling. But, they retreated whenever a solemn threat was made. They charged, forgetting about the razor-sharp antlers which the buck wore. The deer stood their ground. The wolves retreated, still licking their wounds. The head buck raised his head high, with blood running down his mighty antlers. As time passed, the wolves attacked again, killing an already dying doe. But the herd had been saved.

The following spring, a plaque of sickness swept across the herd. Deer were dying--two every week. The deer retreated again to the high ground. The future herd leader became ill. However, he was one of the strongest and he survived. He was soon as good as new for the next test--hunting season.

This was the future leader's hardest test and he soon realized that he would never trust man. The buck went into hiding in a wet nest in the marsh. No other deer followed him. Many of the deer were killed.

The fire came after hunting season. A careless hunter was covering his campfire with sand as a strong wind came up and blew the sand off. Within seconds the wind was blowing burning leaves in every direction. The buck knew something and he started to paw the ground, thus alerting the others; they traveled quickly to the river. As they stood in the river watching their homeland burn, the herd knew all was not lost--they had a new leader.

Ryan Riewerts

As I stared into nothing
The past came to me.

It was the building block of existence,
and the cornerstone of life.
It knew of secrets possessed in ourselves,
the world, the universe.
Getting older, yet stronger, eating
away at time itself. Never ending.

I squinted my eyes and looked deeper.
I saw the present.

It stood before calamities beyond knowing.
I saw the ways of people,
felt the pain of the diseased and crippled,
Heard the calls of distress.
I know there's still hope.
Time was watching itself, reassuring
the right course.

I looked as deep as one could,
and saw the future?

Was that the future? The one void
of blackness, nothing at all. Or was
I just afraid of having the hour
hand striking.

Daron Shirey

"Ghost"

There are two "Ghosts" in the North Scott Junior High. Both are the same in some ways, and they are different in some ways, too. One is a Language Arts ghost. It lives in the filing cabinet. The other is the Gymnasium ghost that lives in the boy's locker room. The Language Arts ghost is nice and gentle, and likes people. But the Gymnasium ghost is mean and hates people.

If you got to pick one, which one would you pick?

I'd pick the Language Ghost.

Andy Fite

Mixed Up, Messy, Stupid Day

My doctor says I have the measles,
though I have no spots
My sister's making cookies
in three old broken pots.
My father's cutting down the fence
he put up yesterday
It's snowing now and mother
thinks we're in the month of May!
My brother's acting like a snake,
And our toilet seat's about to break!
My dog has just climbed up a tree,
And my cat just told me she caught a flea?
My Grandma is knitting
a dress made of clay,
What a mixed up, messy,
stupid day!

Terry Wyatt

The door opened to the cell making a creaking sound that woke up the man sitting on the cot, who was counting the last minutes of his life.

"I didn't mean to do it, I don't even remember the knife in my hand..." the man thought in his head while he was led to 'the room'.

Memories were flashing through his mind, his family, wife and two daughters, wondering why he really did it.

He reached the door, a heavy, thick door, cold to the touch. The guard led him into the room and guided him to the chair.

"No," he said, tears running down his face. While they locked him into the chair.

Tears were falling faster down his face, he kept on whispering over & over -

"Katherine, forgive me
Katherine, I love you . . .

Linda Schmitt

THE ADVENTURE

On July 11, 1984, at about 10:00 in the morning, Harry, Curly, and Moe came up with a crazy idea. They wanted to go on an adventure in the big woods. Harry thought it would be scary. Curly thought it would be dumb. Moe thought it would be neat.

Harry, Curly, and Moe had all their camping gear stuffed in their backpacks. You know, stuff like clothes, jackets, pots, stove, lantern, silverware, rope, compass, and their camping knives. Moe brought along his teddy bear. He told his teddy bear not to be scared; he could ride on the back of his bicycle with Moe.

Harry, Curly, and Moe started for the big woods at about 12:00. They got pretty far into the woods with their bicycles. Harry was getting tired. Curly was getting hungry. Moe was getting excited. The path that they were riding on ended. Moe was in the lead. He told Harry, and Curly that they couldn't go much farther with their bicycles. So they stashed their bicycles in tall grass and covered them with brances broken off from trees. They started to walk on foot through the woods. After a while they found a good place to camp. They set up camp and started to cook dinner. Harry, Curly, and Moe wolfed down dinner in less than two minutes.

Harry wanted to go hiking. Curly wanted to go take a nap. Moe wanted to go home. After a whild Harry convinced Crrly and Moe to go hiking. They went hiking that only lasted about two minutes because Moe got scared. When they came back, they decided to go to bed.

In the morning they picked up camp and started for home. But they forgot which way they came. they started to panic. They didn't know what to do. Curly had an idea that they would all sit down and try not to panic. Moe thought that it was a good idea.

Back at home their parents were getting worried. Moe's parents thought he was kidnapped. Harry's parents thought he got lost, and Curly's parents thought he ran away from home. Harry's and Curly's parents went over to Moe's house. They were all worried about their own sons. Moe's parents decided to call the police. The police rushed over quickly. They asked a lot of questions.

The follwing morning they went looking for their three stooges. The police and the parents walked for a long time before they found their three stooges' bicycles. Harry's dad spotted their tracks. It was about two hours before they came upon the kids. They were all happy and they lived happily ever after.

Joe Chapman

"Arabian Knights"

Across the burning, blowing sand,
Terrorizing all the land
Many a stride a powerful steed,
Beg for mercy they pay no heed.
Run fast for your life, take flight, take flight!
Or you will feel the wrath of the Arabian Knights.
Their horses, they prance
To avoid a thrusting lance,
In the roar & thunder a village is plundered.
Children run, women scream,
The whole event is like a terrible dream.
Then suddenly it's over as soon as it had begun
A look and the village can tell who has won
With a kick of the sandal, a kick of a boot
The knights ride off with their stolen loot.
And the incredible reason why they had to strike,
Is that it is the way and the life of an Arabian Knight.

Beth Ketelaar

Sudden Storm

The gentle clouds violently fall to the
earth in a loud rumble,
Outside, the land changes from a
Summer sun, to a winter night cloud.

Drops of clear water quickly fall to
create puddles of rain making wet dirt.
During the middle of the storm, pieces of
solid rain fall on our backyard picnic
table, nicking some of the paint off.

Eventually, a fresh, new spring scent
blankets the air as I sit on the side-
walk - wet from the sudden storm.

Amy Dix

I got up early Saturday morning so I could watch the funnies. After that it was about 10:30 AM so I decided to go outside and play. I found a tree with a funny nest in it and instantly I had to look inside it. There was a hole in the bottom, I knocked it out of the tree and then I heard a buzzing noise. I started running, but I wasn't fast enough for them. I then fell to the ground. Two of them stung my left eye. I screamed bloody murder until my mom came out. She took me in and washed my eye out with water, and it stung. Then she put something that smelt like peppermint on my eye and covered it. I was better in 2 weeks. But now I won't go by any bees.

Dawnita Griffin

Childhood Memory

It was a cool day on March 22, 1984. I went back to the barn to help my grandpa. Grandpa was in the silo and I was on the ground turning the auger off and on for him. I had just turned on the auger and started to step across it. In so doing, my leg slipped in. Immediately I saw the auger start to grind on my leg. I screamed like "Bloody Murder" my grandpa recalled later. He said that he had never gotten down from that silo so fast in his life.

In terror I pulled my leg free just as Grandpa got down to me. I hopped over to the house on one leg. When I got there I recalled that nobody was home. My dad was in Oregon; my mom was in Ankeny, Iowa; Grandma was at the store. My leg was bleeding badly and then Grandpa called the store. Grandma rushed home. She got some washcloths and began cleaning off the blood. Boy did that burn when she touched it! She put on some peroxide and some bandages. She asked if I felt well enough to eat . For some reason, nothing really tasted good to me that night.

My mom finally got home about 11 o'clock P.M. She then wrapped my leg in warm cloths and called my dad.

The next day we went to the doctor's office. I can still recall the antiseptic smell of it. They took some x-rays and gave me a tetnus shot because it was a rusty auger. In the x-rays there were no broken bones but I had a badly sprained ankle. They bandaged it and wheeled me out in a wheelchair to the car.

When we got home, I kept it propped up and kept warm, wet cloths on it. After about a week and a half I was able to return to school.

I still have those ugly scars on my leg. I am thankful that I still have my foot because just a couple weeks ago I saw a calf get torn to shreds in the auger, it died. The lord gave me a second chance.

Layne Marti

I want it known right here and now,
My new car is slick.
It has every conceivable gadget,
Does every possible trick.

The seat adjusts in five different ways,
As few new car seats do.
The only problem with that I guess,
Is I only needed two.

There's a light for every problem,
And a problem for every light.
If they never come on in daylight or dark,
You know everything's all right.

If I want to look at a map while I drive,
I can see with the aid of a spot.
The only thing it hasn't I guess,
Is a handy, portable cot. (fooled you didn't I?)

Electrical windows, electrical locks,
The stereo has six speakers.
An economy four with a five on the floor is
Sufficient for good mileage seekers.

This poem just seems to get verse and verse,
I'll not take the pains to edit.
But what I'd most like to edit, you said it,
Are the people who extended me credit!

Cec Chapman

My room is blue with black stripes.
My room is kind of a different type.
It has all the colors you can name,
It even holds things of fame.
It consists of hats, models, trash, and clothes.
Music, cans and radios.
It's not very big
But it's where I live.
It is messy most of the time,
But I'm glad to call it mine.

Augie Ferguson

The New Kid On The Team

One hot sunny day in Cincinnati, Ohio, at Jefferson Park, the new kid who lived on South Street, Tom Smith, joined the Cincinnati Tigers Little League Baseball Team. Tim had glasses, brown hair, brown eyes, and could run very fast. He only practiced twice with the team before his first game with us. He seemed like just the right person for the team to catch the Toledo Mustangs.

The next day was Saturday, the day of the game with the Toledo Mustangs. They had a 4-0 record against our 2-2 record. We were in fourth place out of seven teams in the league. Tim would bat third and play first base. He had taken over Tony Wood's spot.

We started at 6:00 P.M.! We were all there at about the same time and had a fifteen minute practice. That practice paid off because we beat the Toledo Mustangs 6-3.

Tim had a superb game--going 3 for 4, a single and a pair of doubles. He made no errors at first and his out was a long fly ball to center field that the speedy Pete Harris ran down.

Our season went almost spot-perfect the rest of the way except for three losses in which we did not lose by more than one point--4-5, 5-6, and 1-2. We entered the playoffs with an all five record and we were in second place.

The Toledo Mustangs and we would wait the first round out and join in the second round. We would play the winner of the Cleveland-Canton game. Cleveland took the game 7-2. Cleveland had saved their starting pitcher for us. This Cleveland team was the third place team in our league with a 9-7 record.

We trailed in the first inning 2-0, but came back in the sixth to go ahead 3-2. Cleveland scored a run in the seventh! It stayed 3-3 until the end of the ninth when we came up and scored on Tim's home run to center that brought in two runs. Cleveland came up and could only pull out one run. So we would go on to the championship game!

We found out from the scorer's table that Toledo was upset by the Columbus Superstars. The Columbus team was in fourth place and had an 8-8 record, but we had lost to them two out of three times.

We trailed again in the first inning 2-0, and didn't even get a hit until Tim hit a home run in the fifth inning to bring the score to 2-1. In the seventh they struck again for a run. We finally got on track when the first, second, and third guys up got a hit--with Tim coming up.

Tim worked the count to 2 and 2. When he got the pitch he wanted he pulled the ball down the left field line for a triple and scored on a sacrifice fly. We led the rest of the way.

The final score -- Cincinnati-6 and Columbus-3. Tim was voted "Player of the Year" by the president of the league. Tim had led the team in every category all year. He was truly "Player of the Year."

Ron Trettin

The Mile Run

"Ready, Set. Go!" Says some guy I don't even know - But who cares? I have to go!! I run and run 'till I have one done - three more to go before I hopefully win - and I'll win, I'll win. I know I can!! Here I am with only two more to go. I look before me to see someone to beat. I run and run 'till I finally pass him. The gun shoots before me, meaning only one more round. I listen closely hearing a bunch of sound. Am I going to make it, am I going to win? Here I am before the finish line. I run and run till I am done. I look to see that I have won! The same guy that said, "Ready, Set, Go!", comes to me and says, "Way to go!!"

Sonja Ortiz

"Cats"

Fluffy, furry,
Scamper, scurry.
Walk & run
Have some fun.
Climb a tree
Stung by a bee.
Steal mitten,
Naughty kitten!
Sweet as cake,
Angelic mistake.
A hug, a pat,
The life of a cat!

Beth Ketelaar

The Sea

Boats occasionally floating
Across that velvet ripple of a sea.
People laughing,
Sunlight dancing gaily
Upon that sea of velvet.
Strange, and yet fascinating
Creatures all beautiful,
Some deadly.
Fish glide along the
Water like clouds
In the sky.
Brightly colored fish, different,
Deadly, beautiful fish.
Many a masted ships
Sailed the sea of velvet
Leaving behind, Memories,
Tokens, and bravery.
So we may, too, look beyond
The horizon, and discover
This velvet ripple of a sea.

Jennette Barrios

"The Cat and Fox"

One day a fox said to a cat, "I am more clever! I have at least 100 ways to escape from any of my enemies."

The cat said, "I have only one trick. Can you teach me some of yours?"

"Someday when I have more time."

Just then they heard the helping sounds of dogs. Then quick as a wink, the cat scrambled up the tree.

"This was the trick I told you about. It's my only one, but it works almost everytime. What are you goint to do?" the cat asked.

But before the fox could answer, the dogs were behind him. And can you guess what happened next?

Rachael Padavich

"The Stage"

Silence tugs
Loneliness permeates
Yearning clings

The door creaks

Sound breaks
Fellowship prevails
Ecstasy sings

The door groans

Silence tugs . . .

Pat Schrad

"Winter"

Outside the snow is falling,
And all the birds are calling.
Small children are sledding and building
snow forts, while their parents are
in the nice warm house watching T.V.
and the winter sports. Parents are
wearing their ice skates skating the
figure 8 with their children falling,
then crying. Now that winter has just
begun, you can go outside to the
clear white snow and have some fun.

Rhonda Schneckloth

The Unexpected Trip

One spring day we were out doing our chores around the house, when Dad blurted out, "Why don't we go on a trip?"

Everyone dropped their tools and stared at Dad.

Then Mom said, "But where would we go and how would we get the money?"

Nicole, my best friend was there and she said, "Why don't we go to France? I've always wanted to go there!"

After a minute of thought, Dad said, "All right, it's settled. We are going to France, and Nicole, you're going too, since you thought of it!"

Meanwhile, Dad got the tickets and we were packing. We left on Thursday for the airport. As soon as we boarded the plane I picked a seat by the window. I was kind of queezy.

In about ten minutes the pilot siad, "Last call for flight 407!"

In five minutes we were off. Somehow I knew I was going to regret this! We were off the gound for about a half an hour when the cky started getting dark. I started to think about the really freaked out.

The pilot said to fasten our seat belts--This was getting pretty freaky!

Then all of a sudden the plane jerked. One man didn't have his seatbelt on and he flew doen into the isle. He got back to his straightened position and put his seatbelt on. The waitress came over and asked if everyone was all right. Then she said not to worry--it was just a storm.

Well, somehow, I never knew, we ended up in Russia. At the time there weren't many friendly people there that liked the United States.

They took us prisoner, because they thought we were spies. Which we were not, and held us at a Russian spy camp. There were green tents and you had to wear camouflage clothing.

We, the kids, were separated from the adults and taken to another tent. You would not believe how many people there were that had been prisoners for years, months, weeks, days--whatever.

As we were walking to our tent a man yelled to us, "Got ya some more prisoners, ey?"

That night I slept pretty well. They provided sleeping bags and a pillow. When I woke up the next morning the man who said we were prisoners was standing by me in our tent. He said we better find a way to escape and get out of here or those crazy creeps would try to kill us.

I asked him what his name was and he said, "Jeb".

I told him that we had gotten separated from our parents and that we were only kids. How were we suppose to escape?

He said he knew a way but he wasn't sure that he could get my parents out of their tent. He told us, Nicole and me, and we thought it was great! We would try it tonight!

When dark finally settled, we went to Jeb's tent very quietly and sneakily. He was awake and prepared. We snuck over to my parent's tent and woke them up. then we went over to another tent where the pilot was--Jeb knew him. All six of us made it outside of the camp and to the airplane.

We told Jeb to get on, but he told us that he stays where he is so he can help others escape.

We made it home safely and Nicole swore she would never fly again. All Mom and Dad would say was 'Those things happen!'

Jeni Quilty

On the first day of Junior High I was really stupid and got up at about five-o'clock. But, I should have gotten up at about six-thirty. I was so nervous! I didn't know what to wear because some people dress different.

My older friends told me that I better watch out for Mr. _____ or Mrs. _____. They are some of the meanest teachers in the Junior High.

I thought someone would tease me on the first day of school. I didn't know who would sit with me on the bus, or even if someone would sit with me at all.

But now I've been here three weeks and everything is very good.

Heidi Otte

My Tooth Flew Out

One summer morning when I was five years old I had a loose tooth. My brother wanted to pull it, but I wouldn't let him.

He said, "I'll tie a piece of string to your tooth and the other end to the door knob."

I was stupid and said, "O.K."

So we tied one end to my tooth and yelled for my mom. She came in and the tooth flew out of my mouth. I was crying and was in pain. I got so mad I beat my brother up and gave him his first black eye.

He turned around and gave me my first black eye. He never again tried to pull my tooth out and I never hit him again.

Jason Gooch

Good Times And Bad Times In My Family

When my family has good and bad times we all stick together even if we are not as rich as other people. The one thing I can say about my mom is that if we kids need money my mom takes her last penny and gives it to us. After my report card comes in, even if I did terrible in my classes, my parents say I gave it my best shot and that I can do even better next time. Every so often we kids get out of hand and my parents have to discipline us. They say they love us and I finally realize that. I thank my mom and dad for doing that. I really enjoy it when my family sits down and eats together. There you have my family's good and bad times.

Julia Asleson

Kindness

What is kindness,
Is it uncool to be,
Does it hurt your 'image',
Is it really so bad,
Just to be nice,
Just to help out,
To try to make friends.
If kindness is uncool,
I don't know what is!
Why couldn't you,
Just once?!
Be nice to the outcast,
The new girl or boy,
If kindness is so bad,
If it's really the worst,
Then I'd say that the world,
The world where we live,
Has really just gone to the birds!

Clint Schneckloth

The High Price of Puddles

Yellow ponchos
Red boots
He Man lunch pails
Puddles

They's forgotten
Puddles.
Had they ever seen
Puddles?

Ice!
They slide on ice.
But puddles...
You can really get in and

"I can splash YOU.
You can splash ME.
Spin---the lunch box.
Take---my boots off"

SQUISH! SPLASH! PLOP!

Some things are worth the price, Mom.

Mrs. E. Kresse

"He's so neat!
I don't believe it!

Dear Journal,

All the girls RAN
to see the NEW BOY!

Not me!
How juvenile.
You should have seen them.
Anyway, he's my cousin.

Mr. E. Kresse

Double Dinky

Amy woke up one Wednesday morning and her brother Dinky was playing in her room. She could have killed him. He is three years old and was ripping up her books. She yelled, "I hate you! Mom, get in here!"

Her mom came in and said, "Dinky, go play in your room."

He started to cry. Mrs. Davis picked him up and put him in his room and came back to clean up the mess he made in Amy's room.

"I need some privacy," Amy said.

"O.K., Amy, I will talk to him. Is that O.K. with your?" she snapped.

"Mom, I am in sixth grade and he is three and worthless. Just get rid of him." she yelled.

"Don't say that. Don't ever say that again. I mean it!" she roared.

"Why are you always on his side, when everything I say about him is true?"

"Just don't say that. It makes me feel bad. Anyway it's time for you to get up and get ready for school."

So Amy got up and put on her clothes and went down stairs to eat breakfast. She decided to tell her mom that she was sorry.

"Mom, I'm sorry."

So she went to school and on the way there she talked to Jaque. She's one of her friends. They live two blocks away from each other. When they got to school they saw Ben. He likes Amy so she hid in the bathroom until the bell rang. Then she said "Hi" to Lana and Tenely.

Then she said to Tenely, "I like Jake, but he likes Ginger and they are going together. What shoudl I do?"

Tenely said, "Have a boy kiss Ginger and Jake will get mad and break-up."

"Don't be stupid. Then if Ginger finds out that I planned it, she'll hate me."

"So."

Tenely hates Ginger; Amy's friends are: Tammy, Jaque, Andrea, Jodie, Tenely, Laurel, Sandy, Dawn, Kim, Lana, Sarah, Jenny, Linda, and Lisa. They are the greatest friends anybody could have.

She got to her class and walked up to Jodee and said, "I like Jake and I really want to go with him."

"I know, but he is the cutest boy in the whole school and he is going with Ginger."

Suddenly everyone stopped talking because Mr. Greenland, Amy's teacher, walked in. He's the meanest teacher out of all the teachers in the school.

He shouted, "Take your seat!" Amy ran to her seat. He looked at her and yelled, "Amy, walk!"

"I am already in my seat and he gets mad at every little thing." she muttered under her breath.

He then said, "Amy, come to my desk."

She went up to his desk shaking with fright.

"I want to see you right after school for an hour. If you are not here right after school it will be two hours. Understand?"

"Yes," she said with a shakey voice. She was afraid she would forget to stay after. Then she would have to stay after for two hours. Then her parents would find out.

"Take your seat," he snapped. When everyone was leaving to go home she had to sit there for an hour with her head down and it was very boring for her. She just hoped she would get home before her parents did.

cont. -

When she got home her parents were not home from work yet, thank God. But they left her a note that said:

To: Amy
Go pick up your brother
at Mrs. Jacob's.
Please

So she put her coat back on and ran to Mrs. Jacob's apartment. Amy knocked and Mrs. Jacobs came to the door and said, "You're late!"

"I know. Where's Dinkey?" He came running right toward her. She took a step to the side and he ran right into the wall. His face turned beet red and he was wailing with all his might. Tears were spilling out like a flood.

Mrs. Jacob yelled, "That wasn't called for!"

Amy grabbed Dinky and took off running. On the way out she ran into Tammy, one of her friends. "Sorry, I have to go."

When they got home she told Dinky that she was going to the store. Then she ran to the store and bought a lock for her door. When she got home Dinky was in her room sleeping. Amy ran to him and spanked him. Dinky cried until their parents came home and now Amy's grounded.

Amy started to cry, but it didn't work. Her dad sent her to her room without supper.

She woke up the next morning, dressed quickly, and then climbed out the window.

When Amy got to school, she went into the bathroom and cried her heart out. Jenny and Tammy came in and asked at the same time, "What's wrong?"

She stopped crying, but didn't say anything. They blurted out, "Jake wants to go with you."

Amy smiled, "He broke up with Ginger?"

"Yes, do you still want to go with him?"

"Yes!" She screamed. Mr. Greenland came in and sent them to the office. They had to write one sentence 300 times. It took them a long time.

When Amy got home her parents were in a rage. Her parents got so mad they put the lock on her window so that she wouldn't crawl out anymore.

Traci Hutson

To Families

Kindly the wind brushes the brick
of the silent home.
Chatter has ceased.
Commotion is longed.
Love caresses the ivy.

Mrs. Ann Ortiz

Wrong Place At The Wrong Time

It was the day we were suppose to get out of school for Thanksgiving vacation. When I had left the building, my friend stopped me and told me to ride my bike over to the school parking lot. Since I only live a block away, I rode my bike over and we were riding it in the parking lot.

My friend was riding it and the brakes went out. I stood in front of him--going to stop him--and he ran into me. We both fell over. The next thing I knew a shadow came over me. I had fallen down, was lying on my stomach and a 1976 Lincoln Continental was backing up. It didn't see me. He kept backing up and ran me over once. My friend thought he was on me so he started yelling at the man to go forward. So, the man went forward, running over me again. The man thought he better just stop, so he did. He got out of his car, came around, and looked underneath the car. Seeing me still slightly pinned underneath, he pulled up the bumper, slightly lifting up the car.

I was taken to the hospital and released that night with only a scratch on my hip.

Dru Wall

Reagan's Accidental Crisis

This story takes place in the year 2,000, at the White House, where Ron and Nancy Reagan live. Surrounding the White House were about 1,200 people holding up signs saying "Reagan, unfair to the U.S.A."

Reagan, looking out the window, speaks, "Nancy?"

"Yes, dear?" Nancy answers.

"Did you notice over 1,000 people around the White House carrying signs?" he asked.

"No, dear."

"Well, I want them out of here."

Nancy replied, "It's your fault that they're here, dear."

"I know, but I screwed up. Let's check the papers again," Ron said.

Meanwhile---

"I know what's wrong! I said the wrong things accidentally. Look! I said one dollar is taxed on every dollar, and I should have said, one cent is taxed on every dollar. Therefore, Reagan steps out on the balcony and talks into a megaphone saying, "My dear people, the reason you are mad at me is because I said the wrong things. I meant to say that I raised taxes one cent on every dollar--not one dollar on every dollar. Also, I will gladly give the farmers another chance to straighten out their finances. I'm sorry about the mix-up. Please go home and do the things you normally do.

Then the people tore up their signs and went home--happy!

Paul Meridith

JANUARY 28, 1986
The Challenger

And, Mom,
You wouldn't ever
believe it!
The teacher
went into the
hatch
smiling and waving;
and then
10-9-8-
and it was 1
-ZERO-
LIFT-OFF!
and she
flew,
Mom, with six
astronauts;
and fire came
out of the back,
and it was
neat-O
and, Oh, Mom,
control said,
"Throttle up."
and
smoke got bigger
and the shuttle
split.
Pieces flew,
Mom,
And what happened
to the teacher's smile?
Is it in the sky
or
In the ocean?

M. Q. Lewis
February 4, 1986

Next Stop . . . The Moon!

One morning, as I was going to the drug store, that was about two miles away from my house, I had an idea. Why not ride the bus instead of walk? So, I got on the bus and then I noticed that there wasn't anyone on it except the driver and a man in a space suit at the very back of the bus. I sat down in the front seat--figuring the man in the space suit was kind of wacko. Then I asked the driver where we were going to let him off.

Surprisingly, he said, "De Moon."

"What do you mean 'The moon'?!!" I asked. "You can't drive the bus to the moon!"

The driver spoke again, "Eh man, I do anethin' fer fifty bucks!"

Man. This guy is wacko too. I had better get off right now before I end up on the moon. So I said, "Hey, I"ll give you an extra buck if you let me off right here and now!"

Then there were a few seconds of silence before the driver said, "Eh, rules is rules. if I break rules, rules not rules, so, rules is rules."

Then I mumbled to myself, "I wonder what mental hospital this guy broke out of?"

The driver must have heard me because he quickly said, "A big one down in New Jersey, dey never did find me."

A couple of hours later when I woke up from a nap, I convinced myself that it was all a bad dream . . for about five minutes. When suddenly, a satelite whizzed by my window and the money from my pocket was floating around by the ceiling! And the next thing I knew I was doing what any half sane person (that counts out the driver) would do . . . screaming, "I want my lawyer!" and then I heard a soft little 'thump' as the bus hit the moon.

The bus driver then yelled, "Well, here ya' are sir, crator #9 on the moon, en' thank ya' fer' rid'n the city bus! Now, next stop, da pharmacy!"

What is this guy, psychic?!! I never told him where I wanted to go! Well, I'm not going to argue with him now . . . I just want to get back to Earth!

Two hours later, there I was. The pharmacy at last! And I got off that bus as fast as I could. As soon as I got inside the pharmacy I yelled, "Gimme' your phone! I've got to call the police about the bus outside!"

The pharmacist gave me a funny look and said, "Son, there isn't a bus or even a bus stop outside." I quickly pointed my finger and turned my head toward the front door and started to say something, but never did finish it. There wasn't any trace of a bus or bus stop sign. I just stood there with my mouth open. The pharmacist suggested that I go home, take some aspirin, and get some rest.

Within the next week, I checked to see if there had been an escape from any mental hospital in New Jersey. My answer was negative; there isn't even a mental hospital in New Jersey! And I also checked with the officials at N.A.S.A. They said there hadn't been anything enter or leave the Earth's atmosphere for the past six months.

I usually try to just put this experience out of my mind . . . but, every once-in-awhile, when I look at the moon, I wonder how that guy is doing up there on that big piece of green cheese.

Jeff Keppy

It's amazing how empty a house feels when one of its parts is missing. No, the roof is still intact, and no one has made off with the front door or the back stairs.

Beth's not here. She left at noon today to go on a retreat for confirmation and won't return until tomorrow evening. I'd even forgotten she was leaving <u>today</u> until dinner time rolled around and only three places were set.

But I <u>knew</u> when I got home shortly after four that something was not as usual. The silence was different. Even house sounds change when one of the parts is missing.

Isn't it strange how conversations turn in different directions when one of the group is absent. It's sort of like a dog with only three legs--it can still walk, but in a different way. We're missing our stabilizer, our rudder, the only one of us who is reasonable easy to live with, and the only one with any sense of organization.

Its almost too quiet to think. With only one TV on, the house seems out of balance. I hope it doesn't tip over.

Now I'm alone. I can tell because the other TV has been turned off. <u>Nobody</u> spends a waking moment in this house without the TV on.

The silence grows louder. I like peace and quiet but this is too much! Perhaps what I mean by peace and quiet is just less noise rather than no sound at all.

Yes, houses do wound different when one of their parts is missing. Houses with all their parts intact are called homes.

I'll be glad when Beth gets back.

Cec Chapman

School is like . . . .

School is like an owl,
Symbolizing knowledge.
Not like a country club,
As people think of college.
School is not like T.V.
Where we see all we can see,
School is like the army,
Where we be all we can be.

Jenny Wiese

Friends

Everyone needs a friend!!
My friends. . .
they help me with my troubles,
and always seem to be there.
They spread their joy and
laughter,
and always seem to care.
I can't imagine life,
without a friend or two,
If you lose an old,
always be open for a new.
All the fun I've shared with them,
can never be replaced.
together we've had many good times,
and conquered the problems we've had to face.
We know there's always good times,
but there are some bad times too.
But all these times will be
kept as memories,
And last your whole life through.

Jennifer Kirby

The Future

Hope for the future,
Don't dwell in the past.
Live in the present,
And make today last.
Pray for tomorrow,
Let your life live on.
Hope for the future,
Because yesterday is gone!

Jennifer Kirby

Winter

When the flowers die
and the snow falls,
The clouds come
and the sun goes.
The vacationers leave
and the birds leave.
A silent winter.

Chris Hartman

Florence Nightengale

Mary Hohnecker was born December 8, 1943, to Kermit George Johnson and Delores Ann Drossler Johnson at Mercy Hospital in Dubuque, Iowa.

She lived at 1219 Rhomberg, in a small four room apartment with four sisters and her parents. They were poor and the only reason they lived there was because her grandparents owned and lived in the apartments. Finally, when she was thirteen, her parents got enough money to buy a house.

For entertainment on cold winter days she would play games and cards with her family. When it was winter, but not so cold out she would have snowball fights, go sledding and ice-skating. During the warm summer, she enjoyed swimming, skating, baseball, and volleyball. As she grew up, she enjoyed dancing, working at nursing homes, and working with her sister cleaning church--for money. At the age of sixteen she worked behind a candy counter at a movie theater.

For her elementary and junior high education she went to a Catholic school by the name of Holy Trinity. During all four of her high school years she went to Wahlert. During her nursing training she went to St. Anthony's School of Nursing in Rock Island, Illinois. In her dormatory at training she met lots of new friends. It was always exciting but the rules were very strict.

Now that she is older, she enjoys roller skating, bowling, and has taken up the hobby of reading.

In the past forty-two years she has seen and done lots of new things. One of the most important things to her has been watching her four children grow. The most fun she had was a trip to Las Vegas just last summer. At that same time they drove to California. She thought the scenery in Utah and Colorado was really nice. Then, when she did get to California she got to see her aunts that she hadn't seen since she was fifteen years old.

The only part she really didn't like about her life was when she had to move away from Dubuque and her family. But when she did move, she was promoted to night supervisor at her night time job as a nurse.

And me--I will never forget her because she is my mom!

Brian Hohnecker

Some Interesting Facts On A Family

Have you ever heard of such an interesting family as mine? If you haven't, let me fill you in. We all care for each other in a funny way. For example, we sometimes fight over such stupid things as who is going to use the bathroom first. However, one or more of us five kids usually sticks up for another who might be in some sort of trouble. The most interesting thing to me is how well we all get along with one another. For example, we have to share the stereo and T.V. among all of us. Never the less, without any problem, the boys have the T.V. and I have the stereo. That's what I think about my interesting, wierd family!!

Cheryl Cole

A Walk

It's nice to know,
there's somewhere to go
to be alone.
Without the confusion,
And with the illusions
Of a peaceful moment
For the day to come.
I feel so free,
And I wish I could see
That all I heed
Is to hear the sounds
Of nature around.
I dread going home,
And I wish I could stay,
But as life goes on
I seem to always walk
away!

Jennifer Kirby

Winter

Winter is snow,
Look at it blow.
A glittery white,
Very beautiful sight.
Over the hills,
And through the trees,
It never stays
it always leaves.
We bundle up,
When we go outside.
We make big forts,
And try to hide.
It's always so cold,
And we wish it was summer,
Sitting inside is
A big bummer.
The exciting part,
Is presents and gifts.
Then the snow will
Soon start to lift.
As it starts getting warmer
And warmer,
We know that summer is
Just around the corner.
When summer hits,
We're very hot,
Though we seem glad,
We're really not!!

Jennifer Kirby

Remembering

It's a boring rainy day, just like the day of Daddy's funeral. I can't see, but I can hear the rain on the window. I wasn't always blind. I remember the accident well.

My name is Kattie Duffy. I have green eyes, and auburn hair. On the day of the accident Mom and my little brother, Timmy, were getting ready to go to Grandma Duffy's. Dad and I were going to go swimming at the Seattle Lake; it's about an hour away from home.

It was getting dark when we left. Daddy was driving and I was sleeping. All I remember is Daddy yelling "Look out!" and feeling the car swerve. From what I've asked Mom about what happened I know that the driver was drunk, and he fell asleep at the wheel. The truck rammed into the side of our car. Mom said we were rushed to the Seattle Hospital, but it was too late for dad, he died from the impact. Broken glass flew into my eyes. that's how I became blind.

Mom told me that I was in surgery for five hours. They were trying to get the glass out of my eyes. They did, but the doctors weren't sure if I would be able to see.

I remember waking up, it was terrible. I couldn't see anything so I screamed. I put my hands up to my eyes, but all I felt was bandages. Then Mom came in, I asked her where Daddy was, and she told me. I tried to cry, but I couldn't, so I just sobbed.

I got the bandages off the day before Daddy's funeral. I was excited, hoping I'd be able to see again. I cried in horror that I was blind.

Daddy's funeral was a grey, cold, rainy, day, just like today. All of these people I've never heard of kept coming up to me and saying stuff like, "Poor dear, you always were a 'daddy's girl', weren't you?" That just made me feel worse. During the whole ceremony I just sat there in a daze.

Later, when we got home, I asked Mom to take me to my room. She didn't, she just yelled at me. I remember what she said best of all.

"You have got to stop feeling sorry for yourself! Daddy died. You're not the only one that misses him! I miss him, too! He would have wanted you to get on with your life!"

I knew she was right. So I picked myself up and walked to my room. Sure it was hard, but I kept going, for Daddy.

That was about six months ago. I went to a help center for a while to learn how to handle things. I really miss Daddy, but so do Timmy and Mom. Mom's calling me now, so I have to go.

Donna Noel

All The Way Home

What is a family? A family is a group of people whom you love and trust. When I come home after school, I can watch T.V. and I can talk about problems at school with my Mom. In this way I don't have to keep it in my mind and not sleep at night. Then, my Dad comes home and we go out to dinner or just stay at home and have a delicious dinner. Next, we go into town or watch what's on T.V. while my Mom and Dad talk about what is happening at his work. I'm glad our family can work problems out! I do have a winning family!

Christie Horsely

Slippin' Under

I look into your eyes, again & again,
I see shattered dreams & hopes
You've felt too much pain.

You're slippin under
and it's no wonder
Cause you're the one they
all are after.

You're the one,
the one who's slippin under
All your cries are ringin' out
like thunder.

But don't worry
Lonely hearts can dream
'Cause only your eyes have
Seen, how much I love
you, I'm in love with you.

They're the ones
the ones that are ringin' out like
thunder.

Cause they are

Gettin' away
runnin' away
Slippin' away
cause I love you

Slippin' under
Slippin' under
Slippin' under

Slippin' under!

Tad Cole

Challenge

The clock ticks . . . time is running with me,
in a challenge!
My muscles strain and stretch while my
tired bones get weaker and weaker, wanting
to fall at the sight of the clock.
The heel of my foot pounds harshly on
the dark pavement, creating an unbearable
heat.
I win the race.

Amy Dix

The Runaway

"I probably shouldn't have done it."

"But you did anyway, right? I've heard it a million times! I probably shouldn-"

"Okay! O.K., I'm sorry."

"Same here. . . That's all you need is me on your back. Is ma and the old man still huntin'?"

"What do you think? They'll never give up. . . I shouldn't have done it!!"

"Hey, what exactly did you do anyway?"

"Got caught with some pretty bad stuff. . . and now they're huntin'. I'll be stuck here forever, man!! Ever and ever, man!"

"Hey. . . hey. . . don't worry. They'll find ya. That's what ya want isn't it?"

"Yes! No. . . I don't know!! I just don't know. . ."

"Hey, this spot's gettin' a little cold. Let's move. Looks like a storm comin' on. . ."

Sonja Ortiz

Spinning [A Legend]

One day Zeus and some other Greek Gods decided to play some type of sporting event. They couldn't decide if they wanted to play basketball, football, soccer, or baseball. Finally, they decided to put all the names of the sports in a hat and draw one out. That would be the game they played. All the gods decided that Zeus should draw the name out of the hat. Zeus picked out basketball. About half of the gods wanted to play basketball. To decide who would be on which team they put the numbers 1 and 2 in the hat--seven times each. Each god would draw one number out of the hat. The gods who drew number 1 would be on team 1 and the gods who drew number 2 would be on team 2. They decided that they would play the basketball game the next day.

The next day: The basketball game was slow in getting started because they couldn't find a basketball. They all decided to use the Earth as the ball.

The game has just ended with team 1 winning by five points.

Ever since this game Zeus has loved basketball and is spinning the Earth on his finger.

Shannon McQuary

MY PET ROCK

Chapter I

My very own rock,
Grew twelve feet by twelve feet in one tick, tock.
My dog Ralf,
Eagerly started licking the rock.
Great, now I have a huge rock,
In my own room.
It's yellow, green, red and all round
and now
I have no place to sleep...

Chapter II

My very own rock,
Grew 20 by 20 feet in two days,
I had a dog,
I had a stereo,
I had parents.
But my rock was hungry. Again,
I think he's yellow.
Oh no, He's growing legs,
Splat!
I'm dead!...

Chapter III

My very own rock
Grew 30 feet by 30 feet in three days.
Now that I am dead,
there is now stopping him, "killer".
Scotland yard, pried me off the floor,
with a crowbar.
Now that the rock is loose,
People are...well...scared.....

Chapter IV

Adrian!
Yes, the rock now talks,
I'm in an all body cast,
now that Ive been pried off the floor.
Killer now wears boxing gloves
and has married a rock half the size of him,
named Adrian.
Adrian is pregnant now,
and Killer has taken over my house,
what will happen to the family...

Chapter V

Now that Killer is Married
He is worried
For her health (if it's a her) and for her
New born child, Killer II
The President pushed the button
But now the rocks are dead, except
for a pebble that flew out of the wreck...

cont. -

Well so much for the
pebble being a pebble.
He's grown up just like his father.
But he is meaner,
he's already eaten 10 kids, 4 adults and
12 McDonalds.
The cops can't stop him, who can?
Oh! No!
He's walking across a bridge.
Splach!
He's drowning...

by Greg Ryan and Keith Stein

February

This month makes you shiver and shake
When you go in to get warm you can have hot cocoa & cake.
You can go skating on the lake
When you come home someone has baked.

Spring

When flowers come out in June
You know that there is no gloom.
Winter is no gloom, when
You know that you have seen flowers bloom.

Summer

Summer is fun
Summer is great
Summer is when there is no hate.

Fridays

Fridays are when there is fun
Fridays are when you go out and stay out late
Fridays are when you don't have to
See teachers for three days. Yeah!!

Jennifer Claeys

Winter

I don't like winter,
because it's always so cold.
I cannot say I hate it
no, I cannot be so bold.
In a way I like it
because I can play in the snow,
that is the only reason I like winter,
any other reasons, I surely don't know.

Jason Boyer

The Day I Found The Thousand Dollars

It was November 14, 1985, at about 2:00 P.M., and I was walking down our street. All of a sudden, I saw a green paper flying through the air. When I jumped up to grab it I fell right into a huge mud puddle. I got up and wiped my clothes off. As I started to walk away, there it went again. Then I jumped up and grabbed it. It was a thousand dollar bill!

I got so excited it flew out of my hand. I chased it for blocks until I recaptured it again. I was so amazed I ran home and told my parents all about it.

But, the funny thing was, I couldn't figure out what to do with it. So, I decided to ask my parents for help. They told me that I have to figure it out myself! I thought I oculd get some new clothes or use it toward my college tuition.

And then all of a sudden I heard my mom calling, "Get up, Natalie. Get up!"

Natalie Ulloa

Bike Ride

There is a boy named Doug who is about five feet and two inches tall and weighs about 112 pounds. He has brown hair and is a very good troublemaker. He was working on his homework one day when he decided to go on a bike ride. So, he went down to his garage, looked in, and remembered that he had no bike. Then he went down to the general store and waited. The store is slow and it smells old.

After about ten minutes a boy rode up on a brand new ten-speed bike. This boy looked mean and sort of the bully type. When the boy went into the store, Doug jumped on the bike and took off. Doug got onto highway 61 and was riding along in tenth gear when he noticed he had no brakes. The road was rough and had some chick holes in it. Doug was soaring down the road, worrying about not having any brakes when all of a sudden he heard gunshots. He turned around and saw the kid who owns the bike, shooting at him with a 12 gauge.

Then Doug hit a chuck hole and the bike flipped. When he got up he started to run, but the kid, who owned the bike shot at him. A couple of pellets hit him and he went down, hitting his head on the ground. He was knocked unconcious.

The next thing Doug knew he was in a truck heading to the hospital. After he got out of the hospital he was fined $200.00 for the bike. After that experience he learned that stealing is not the best thing to do.

Allen Long

The New Boy in School

One day a new boy went to school. He had dark brown hair and brown eyes. He wore a blue shirt and blue jeans. His name was Frank. Everyone was calling him names. He was very mad and steam came out of his ears. Then the bell rang and everyone left to go to lunch. After lunch Ron called Frank a name. Then Frank punched Ron clear into the next room. When studyhall was over, Brian called Frank a name. Frank took Brian's head and bashed it into the lockers. On the way to math Mike called Frank,"Frank-O-American". Frank got so mad he picked Mike up and tossed him into the next room. When Frank was going to let Ron out of the locker, a teacher came and asked Frank if he had seen Ron. Frank said that he had not seen Ron. When the teacher left he let Ron out. Ron ran so fast he ran into the wall. Frank was called to the office because Ron told on him. When Frank got to the office he was suspended from school.

Jay Gale

"Classroom & Gym Ghosts"

There are two ghosts in my school, North Scott Jr. High. Their names are Hank and Spank. Hank is the classroom ghost. Spank is the gym ghost. In my story I will tell you how they are alike and how they are different.

My classroom ghost looks like a regular person to me, but only to me. Therefore, other people cannot see him. To me he looks short, smart, organized and "cool". He only appears when I need help on a question or problem. Different people cannot see him. Therefore, they cannot react to him. He was given to me as a birthday present because I needed help in school. He is one thousand, nine hundred, eighty five years old. He is very friendly and willing to help me. For example, when I need help on a question or problem, I don't even have to call for him.

My gym ghost, Spank, looks like Carl Lewis with a gold medal around his neck. Like Hank, he is invisible to everyone except me. He only appears when I'm tired and need more energy on a gym exercise. He was given to me, like Hank, as a birthday gift because I needed extra help in gym. He is the exact same age as Hank. Unlike Hank, Spank is kind of bashful to me. He does not help me unless I'm testing or in an emergency.

The ghost I like best is Hank, the classroom ghost, because he is so willing and I don't have to really need help for him to appear. I like Hank best.

Tom Brockmann

"Teenagers Are Good People"

Some adults think that teenagers are negative people; however, I think teenagers are positive. For example, some teenagers have jobs, and earn money so they can buy gas for their car to get to their jobs. Also, they go to school to get an education and after high school they may go to college to further their education. Thus, they can have a good paying job. Furthermore, they go to prom dances to meet a companion or a date for the next dance or date. Therefore, teenagers are not as bad as you might think they are.

Michael Abbott

Divorce

Divorce is sad
Divorce is mean
Divorce is parting
But most of all it is knowing you will only see one
of your parents every other weekend.

I guess it's not
No it's not fair
But I'll learn to live with it.

Lois Cole

SPELLING!
SPELLING!
SPELLING!
PLEASE give me a break!
Whenever I think of you
My head begins to ache.
All the rules that they say -
OH NO !
There's a spelling test, today!
First I got "anxious",
then "receive",
and "roulette"
Are we to the end of this spelling test yet?
To make this word plural,
Do I add an "i"?
If this test isn't over soon
I think I'm going to cry.
Oh my gosh, we're almost done.
Then I checked my spelling test -
And I hadn't missed one!

Kelli Andresen

"Sand Boy"

A beautiful day
On the beach front today
For it brings people to enjoy
the stedfast nature
Patiently they wait for
the Big Wave's arrival
Little kids running around
leaving their footprints in the ground
For yet they know as the big
waves roll in the footprints
go with them

Tricia Damron

Lover since the first day he was born,
Athlete all the way,
Never, goes with girls, way too shy,
Considerate, though, and very kind
Everybody must love him. He's my
kind of boy.

Jenny Hough

Have you ever thought about a nuclear explosion? I know many people say, "That could never happen." But it could become a reality. Some people get really paranoid, living day and night in fear for the rest of their life.

The generations of today should be prepared for a nuclear reaction explosion.

Our generation and the generations to come should be trained for emergencies. Scientists should try experimenting in growing food and building living areas for the survivors of the dreadful radiation. The human race will not become extinct like the mighty dinosaurs if this is done.

I firmly believe the world's population could survive any major disaster. If we work and strive to survive in this beautiful world God has given us we all can achieve the goal of peace with all our enemies. Even though it is now full of hate which might cause the death bomb to explode, killing millions of innocent people, there is still hope for peace.

Amy Birtell

" The Regret "

There he sat, cold and alone,
In the dark desolate cell.
Not even a pin could break the silence,
Nor a weakly morose yell.
His pants were torn, his features dulled,
His eyes were growing thinner.
His lips were pierced so tightly shut,
As he refused his humble dinner.
He peered out through the iron bars,
And anguish filled his face,
He felt so regretful and insecure,
As he engulfed the gloomy place,
He heard them coming step by step,
As thier echo filled the hall.
Then he focused eyes of pure remorse,
On the old grafitti filled walls.
When his manly front began to fade,
He tried hard not to cry,
then a little voice inside him mourned,
Oh why'd I do it, why?

Laurie Schroeder

"Teens?"

Teenagers are positive people. Teens are not as irresponsible as older people think! We have a lot of responsibilities that we go through. You might think all we think about is booze and sex; we do think about them, but it's not an everyday thing. You can't tell me you didnlt, can you? Sure we argue but that's all part of growing up. Just remember, you were a teenager once, and you were not that bad.

Aaron Gray

Teens Are Positive People

Teens are positive people. I know because my brother, Jamie, is one. Jamie is a positive person. For example, he gets good grades and he likes school. At home he helps with the work and sometimes when I have friends over he will play games with us. And when he has friends over they're nice to me also. It's like they're my friends,too. Therefore, I know teens are positive people.

Christy Haase

Teenage Craze

Teenagers can be crazy people. They like to be cool, lazy, and number one. They wear the strangest looking clothes you ever will see. They are most responsible and trusting. They are learning to become more independent and intelligent. They are more concerned about what they wear and how they act. Teenagers are very emotional. They fall in love and end up heartbroken. In addition, they can be crabby, and mouthy. Never enter their room because that's where clothes come to die! In my opinion teenagers aren't so bad! I can't wait to become one myself next year.

Barb Petersen

Teenagers Are Positive People? YES!

Teenagers! Juvenile delinquents?! I don't think so. Now don't get upset. You have to listen to them. Teenagers are very independent. You think I'm crazy? Well, they have jobs so they can afford little extras; and they have cars so you don't have to drive them. They're really informed. You don't believe me. Just think of all that radio, and TV they listen to. They hear things like what has been happening, and they know what kind of weather to expect. Teenagers, believe it or not, are creative people. You know all that wierd clothing they wear? That is important culture, and their rooms are ways of expressing themselves. So give them a chance, teenagers are really positive people.

Beth Moore

Are All Teenagers Bad?

I don't really believe all teenagers are as mean and scatter-brained as you think they are. Look at all the teenagers you see at nursing homes. They don't go there to scare and hurt the people. Then, look at all the teenagers who help older people across streets. They are not helping them to see if they can get them killed by a car! You might think it's stupid of them to listen to the music that they like. Well, remember, you were a kid before! So don't just holler at us--you were this age once.

Mike Rosenboom

I. "For the last time - do not go up to that attic!"
"Ok, ok, Mom. But Why? I just don't understand why?" "Why, why?"! All I could think was, "Why??"!
"Never mind! I'm going to the store and will be home around three."
"See ya later."
Now to see what her silent secret is!

II. In the Attic: "What's this? It's nothing! Absolutely nothing. None of this stuff is anything. It's just dumb ol' papers." Then green glimmer caught my eye. As I came to it more, I could see the green glimmer more and more. It made a shape of a wine bottle. Mom didn't drink?! Inside was a piece of note paper. Should I read it? Was this her big secret? I will soon find out!

III. The Note: I unfolded the note and found a strange sentence surrounding a key. A key? A maroon key! And what does this strange sentence mean? It said:

Feb., 1972

"To the unknown child soon to be born:
Use this key to find the secret past near."
What in heavens could this mean?! To the unknown child to be born. Born...birth...wait...February...'72, 1972! I was born in February...1972! Could it be me? Could it, could it.
Stop! Stop! I'm jumping to conclusions! How on earth could it just by chance be me! My father died in 1972, in fact in February. Could he have written this to me?...wait...Use this key to find the secret past near...near, near...secret, secret! Mother's secret! This has to be mother's secret. But where? Near. I looked around and saw a door hidden by a stack of boxes. I look & down at the key...it's worth a try.

IV. The Key: It opens! On No! What do I do? Go in! Discover the secret past that mother has been keeping from me for 14 years. I open the door wide to see a large chair turned away from the door. I've got to get out of here! No! This note was to me!...I think...
On the walls there are many pictures. Pictures of...of... mother...and a strange man, this must be my father. I think.
I dropped the key! I couldn't see it any where.
Mother was home! I could hear her voice. She was calling my name several times.
"Oh, forget the key!" Suddenly I heard,
"Wait! You forgot something." The voice was coming from the chair. Oh, God!! Mother stepped out with the key in her hand.
"Mom!!"
She handed me the key & told me to run along. But to be sure to put everything back in its place! On my way down I discovered a tape recorder. I turned and heard it calling my name several times.

V. Later: I hop on my bed and started thinking...how did my mother get up there? How did my mother know I was going up there? What did that simple wine bottle mean? Something, it meant something! Something of the past and something of the future!
Part I: Past - Mom. Part II: Future - me.
I will learn my part soon, but will mother ever share her part? with me?

Sonja Ortiz

CAROLYN TAKES WASHINGTON, D.C. HOSTAGE

One day, Carolyn wanted to cause a major U.S. city panic and terror by putting that city under her control. She dreamed about it the night of January 30, 1986. So, that night, she decided that the town would be Washington, D.C.

The next day, she had a Karolyn Klub meeting. They discussed the plan to hold Washington, D.C. under hostage. Then they packed up their things and started the van (a 1984 Chevy van) and the wagon (a 1985 Chevy Caprice wagon), hired some drivers to drive stolen school buses and other stolen vehicles and other buses they would steal along the way. They would also kidnap people along the way to help the people of Washington to work.

The club stole over 25,000 buses and work trucks between Rompersiper and Washington, including the 7th and 8th grade volleyball team from North Scott Junior High (they were still in their gym clothes!) and a school bus waiting for the girls to come out. The mayor of Princeton, Dave McLaughlin, who was driving the bus, was also taken.

On February 3, 1986, the Karolyn Klub, the hired drivers, and all the hostages arrived in Washington, D.C. Then, she went to all the radio and TV stations and interrupted their broadcast. She announced to all residents of Washington , D.C. that they had to work for the Karolyn Klub and two of the ten most wanted criminals forever.

Their first duty was to repaint the buses and vehicles magenta, the Karolyn Klub color. They also had to number the vehicles in black from one to who cares (there was so many even I don't know). For these people, this was the first of two months of terror and agony.

They also had other jobs, such as to empty their homes and turn them into boarding homes and restaurants.

After that was over, Carolyn made an announcement over the CB radio. She Said, "If any of you tell Super Ann about what I am doing, I'll kill the President and the First Lady. Now, let's go to the boarding houses, eat, and then sleep!"

Three weeks later, energy builders completed an energy collector. This device would collect enough power and energy for her to destroy the city of Washington, D.C., and for her to rule the universe forever! Carolyn laughed.

One person refused to do her assigned work. So, Carolyn said, "OOPS! You didnlt do your work! Good-bye, pretty one!" Then, Carolyn and Sneaky, Carolyn's right-hand lady, shot her over 3,000 times. Then, Carolyn started up her van and sped off for the White House.

The guards saw the van speed towards the White House at over 250 m.p.h. It crashed through the gates, so they shot at the van (the guards), but it was no use. The guard yelled, "GET OUT OF THE WAY!"

They moved just in time, for the van crashed through the front door. But, they couldn't prevent them from going to the green room, where Ronald Reagan and Nancy were. Then, she pointed the gun on Ronald & Nancy.

Carolyn said, "Surrender your presidency and gove it to me or DIE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!

Ronald said, I refuse to give up my presidency to animal like you, Miss! Now, GET OUT OF HERE!"

She refused for awhile, calling the First Lady a dirty name and calling Mr. President every cuss word and dirty name in the book. Finally, Carolyn was escorted out by secret service men.

cont. -

But that didn't discourage Carolyn one bit. All she did was make her slaves work harder. And harder. AND HARDER! Some died of overwork. Some died because of excessively being whipped. And others passed out from hunger.

It was March 21. 988,787 workers remained slaves. They were all exhausted from overwork. They were all wishing Super Ann would come.

Finally, she did. Everyone was glad she had arrived. Then, Ann asked, "Where is Carolyn at?"

"Right over there," said a girl from North Scott.

At this place, which was probably going to be a super carrot warehouse, she was directing girls from North Scott to carry the crates of carrots in the warehouse. So, Ann disguised herself in a gray T-shirt and red shorts. She carried a crate of carrots in for Miss Greedy who was guarding the warehouse. Then, she shoved the crate of carrots into Carolyn's chest.

Carolyn said, "Why you!"

Ann ripped off her disguise and said, "You've put these people under a lot of strain!"

"Super Ann!" said Carolyn. "I'll stop you!"

"You're defenseless, Carolyn! All your helpers have been arrested!"

"You'll have to stop me first!" siad Carolyn.

Little did she know that a bunch of cops had surrounded her. Carolyn said, "No! No! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Carolyn had a quick trial that only lasted 2 days. Her sentence was to 25 years in maximum security prison. Her club got 10 years apiece, and her workers got 5 years in medium security prison.

But, two days into her sentence, she escaped and went back home with the rest of her club.

Someday, Carolyn will pay for all her crimes in full. But, for now, she was punished by her mother and father severely. They almost sent Carolyn back to jail for the rest of yer 20 years.

THE END

Brian Rathjen

She sits in the dark corner,
Her eyes swelled,
Partially from tears,
But mostly from her father's rage.
She longs to be touched with a caring hand,
And smiled at with a loving face.
She wants out of the dark corner of her heart,
To become a beautiful, happy girl,
But no one understands this defenseless child,
No one notices her hurt.
Her dreams are shattered.
She is abused,
And it's killing her from inside out.

by Sarah Rood

Drunk Driver

On the contrary my dear,
your thinking is quite queer.
I know you can't steer,
So why don't you sit in the rear.
Yes, I am here & standing
quite near.
So give me the beer
before I kick you in the rear.

Dawn Burmeister

Dancing

When I am upset and scared or really in a bind,
I turn up the radio and dance,
It takes everything off my mind.
With one leap, and a prance
my mind is a blank.
I concentrate on the beat
and feel it in my feet
They move real fast.
I hope this feeling will last.
I take a deep sigh,
and look toward the sky
let out a scream,
and,
Dream...
Dream...
Dream...

Dawn Burmeister

As the leaves turn color,
the seasons change.
As the snow falls and melts,
the seasons change.
As the clouds cast rain downward,
the seasons change.
As the clouds are removed and
the sun beats the pavement,
The seasons change.

Tad Cole

Gray

It is the year 2,000, and you are 28. On a typical Saturday you would spend your day as follows:

Before the sun's weak rays make an effort to penetrate the gray, murky atmosphere, you stagger out of bed, if you'd call it a bed, just a gray, moldy blanket on the gray, dusty floor, and shuffle into the next room, which serves as your kitchen, living room, and hall way. You grope blindly in the gray cluttered room for last week's coffee grounds so you can make a cup of cold, weak, gray coffee. That, at least, will wet your throat and wash down the gray chunk of bread that serves as your breakfast.

It's time for you to go to the factory. You open the gray, rusted door, and give a half-hearted glance up and down the gray street looking for Snatchers.

Snatchers grab you, search you for the slightest crumb of food, then kill you for fear you might tell someone of great importance of their deed.

You trudge down the gray, littered street, aware that eyes from either side in front of the gray buildings are watching you. Starving eyes, hallow eyes, begging eyes, and dead eyes. Children's eyes staring at you hopelessly with bony hands on empty stomaches.

You took pity on a woman and her infant once, and gave her a portion of your meager supply of bread. She accepted it gratefully, and you went to work feeling good about helping her. You came back the same way and saw the woman and her child lying dead on the gray, cracked pavement, their bodies battered and bloody. It was obvious what had happened. Snatchers had come along, spied the morsel of bread, and attacked the weakened female.

You sit at a gray table in the factory. The factory is gray, gray, gray. The needles are gray, the pins are gray, the tables and chairs are gray, and the cloth you sew is gray. You are one of the hundreds of people that sew clothes for the dreaded Strabs from the planet Stralo.

The Strabs invaded Earth years before, and turned everything gray with their terrible "Murk - Makers". Their planet is gray, they boast, their muscular chests swelling in pride. And gray is what the planet Earth is now.

It's time for a food break, but you have forgotten to bring food. You miserably watch the other workers devour their food without a look of pity in your direction. Back to work sewing gray cloth into gray clothes.

You stagger with weariness back down the street with your bloodshot eyes on the gray pavement before you. You stumble, fall, and hit your head on something gray.

Different colors appear in your head! Green, red, blue... now they're fading... being replaced by black. You don't care. Anything is better than gray. You know tomorrow workers are going to trudge indifferently on your body as they go to the factory. You don't care. Anything is better than gray.

Amy Morrell

Ways to Sin

You could.....Take your pet mouse
by the tail,
fling it out of your house,
and aim for a pail,

put a snake
in your brother's bed,
and hope he'll awake,
jump and hit his head.

Call him a jerk,
call him a nerd,
and drive him beserk,
but don't say another word,

Color the walks
in permanent ink,
have yourself a ball,
and make the wall pink.

Talk back at your teacher,
in front of every one,
yell at your preacher,
and have lots of fun.

But when you die,
committing all those sins,
up in the sky,
is where you won't be in.

Six feet under,
in a place very hot,
you began to wonder.
committing those sins,
you should have not.

Kelli Hoag

This is just to say . . . .

I took your boyfriend,
that you met last summer,

And it was worth it.
All the love between us
has still not ended,

forgive me for
breaking your
heart, all though
I enjoy him dearly.

Jenny Hough

THE BEST OF FRIENDS

I ran into Steve today. It startled me, because I hadn't seen him since Memorial Day, five years ago, when we had both visited the grave together, placing a single red rose on the gently curving mound. We had departed quietly with a kiss; we hadn't seen each other since.

"How have you been?" he asked this morning as we stood on the sidewalk.

"Great," I answered. "And You?"

"Wonderful." We were silent for a moment. Then he cleared his throat & said, "Have you really been great?"

"No..." was my slow reply.

"Me neither." He sighed & shook his head sadly. "I just can't seem to get it out of my mind. I remember it perfectly..."

"Steve," I cried impulsively, putting my hand over his. "It hurts too much. Try to forget. Life goes on, if you let it." But I, too, remembered it perfectly...

It was a sunny autumn day, the epitome of an ideal October afternoon. Steve, Molly, Randy, & I were on a picnic, enjoying one of the last truly beautiful days of the year. The sky was clear blue, the trees were gorgeous oranges & golds, a sparkling stream ran past our blanket. Any person looking down at us would see a group of happy seniors: a tall, red-haired boy holding hands with a blonge - the prettiest, sweetest girl in school; a dark-haired boy with smoke-blue eyes & a reckless grin was lying at the feet of a smiling girl whose summer tan was still holding on.

A cutting board laid between the folds of a red & green plaid blanket, with a dull knife & a package of cheese on top of it. A loaf of French bread was half-sliced, & two six-packs were nearby. In his hand, Randy held his second beer, while the others drank only one.

With a smile on her pleasant face, Molly suggested that we wade in the creek. All for it, I rolled up my jeans & hopped in. But I hit a slippery rock, & tumbled to the ground, my legs in the water.

Steve was by my side in an instant, asking anxiously, "Are you hurt?"

I laughed ruefully. "No broken bones, but, oh -" I rubbed my rear end for emphasis.

We played around for a few more hours, until the sun began to disappear below the treetops, casting a shadow in the valley.

"We'd better get going," Steve observed.

"Yeah," I agreed. Molly began to pile the trash in the picnic basket.

"Where's the rest of the beer?" she wanted to know.

I shrugged. "I only drank half a can."

"I drank one & finished Chloe's," Steve put in, putting his arm around me.

"How many did you have, Randy?"

"Well, uh..." he looked at the ground.

"How many?" Molly pressed.

"Five or six." he returned, & burped loudly.

She didn't think he was funny, for she raised her voice in alarm. "Five or six?" she cried. "That's far too much!"

"Don't worry - I'll drive home," Steve soothed her.

"Yeah!" Randy snorted. He took the keys out of his pocket & tossed them to his friend.

"Look, you guys - don't fight," I pleaded. "It's too lovely a day to spoil."

Randy grinned at his girlfriend. "Shall we kiss & make up?" Molly laughed & threw her arms around him.

cont. -

By the time we drove out of the park, the sun had gone down & the first stars had begun to show themselves. The sleek red camaro was bursting with energy as we started back for town.

Soon Randy began to get a little bit rowdy, singing cowboy songs & reciting poetry. He reached over from the back seat to pat Steve's shoulder when Steve told him to calm down.

"Don't!" Steve warned angrily as he strained to keep the car straight on the road.

"Hey, buddy - I was just being friendly!" Randy objected.

"I just don't understand it," I whispered. "He's usually so passive."

"You don't have to talk about me." Randy sounded genuinely hurt. I glanced over my shoulder to see Molly huddled in the corner, tears streaming down her face.

"Randy, settle down," I cautioned. "We're on a dangerous road & it's dark. Besides," I lied, "You know how driving this car always makes Steve nervous."

"What's wrong with my car?" he was getting defensive.

"Nothing, nothing," I assured him quickly. "It's a gorgeous car. It's just so expensive that Steve doesn't want anything to distract him when he's driving it. He'd feel absolutely terrible if he wrecked it." Steve's eyes thanked me silently.

"I'm sorry, pal. Forgive your old friend." Randy stuck his hand in front of Steve.

"Okay. Don't." Steve pushed the hand away.

"Shake," Randy persisted. Toying with the seatbelt strap, I felt embarassed for Molly.

"Not now. You're forgiven." Steve's words were curt & authorative, but Randy was like a stubborn little boy. "No!" Steve yelled impatiently, but it was too late. Randy tried to grab his hand from the steering wheel & the car shot into a ditch. Randy flew over my head & into the windshield, shattering the glass.

I screamed, or maybe it was Molly. The only thing I'm sure of is that Steve grabbed me & pulled me to him.

Two hours later, I sat in the hospital waiting room on an orange plastic couch, vowing never to drink again; even a half a can was too much right now. Steve was pacing the floor like a nervous father-to-be. Only this was no joyous occasion.

I could tell right away by the look on the doctor's face that it wasn't good news. He told us very gently, yet matter-of-factly. Molly began to cry immediatly, & I took her in my arms. Stroking her golden hair, I, too cried softly.

The funeral was held the next day. Molly stood under a tall,majestic oak tree clutching a white lace handkerchief. She looked so pretty in her black suit & hat, though her eyes were red.

I smoothed my black silk dress & went to join Steve by Randy's mother. Too choked up to speak, I embraced the petite woman & kissed her cheek. Then his handsome older brother, Tim, hugged me, too.

Steve moved to my side & held me for a long time while our tears soaked our clothes & ran together on our faces.

cont. -

I could still see the pain in his expression today as Steve again moved to hold me. After a while, he spoke, & tears trembled in his voice. "We'll always miss Randy - he was my best friend. Alcohol does things to you - you're not yourself. It made Randy different, too. He would never mean to hurt us." Steve kissed me softly, then he turned & walked to his car. I heard the motor start up, then he drove away.

I smiled, though I was quietly crying. Maybe it was time I paid Molly a visit. She might need a friend, like we all did.

by Megan Shirman

S P R I N G

Spring is frogs
and clean, cool water,
flowers that can't be bought or sold,
Buds that only birds behold,
Spring is winter in perspective,
summertime without its sweat,
Autumn color passing lightly,
Asking where
we might have met.

Spring is babies
bright and babbling,
youth with all its pulsing power,
And for young and old alike
it seems to be the loving hour.
Spring is sadness, spring is joy,
Mother Nature's favorite toy,
Frogs and colors,
Love and babies,
Springtime is a
million maybes.

Fritz Fuhs

ALIBI

The other night on her patio
she was listenin' to the latest
on her radio.

Want to love her, want to see her
tonight. With her pretty little
dress all silk and white.

She don't know me, she don't care.

She's so pretty with her sweet
blonde hair.

I'd call her out tonight, but
she'd just give me another
Alibi
Please don't make me cry.
Alibi
Stop makin' those alibis
Alibi
You must be stuck on foolish lies.
Alibi.

She don't know me, she don't care
she looks so pretty with her sweet
blonde hair.
Alibi.

Tad Cole

Flying Higher

Soaring high above the land,
I see the ground below.
I think of mountains and of trees,
The places I've called home.

I see a lady-bird nesting
By herself in a tree nearby,
We court and laugh together
And off together we fly.

A nest of our new babies
Pecking out of their eggs,
I remember I looked like that,
Matted feathers, all legs.

Teaching them to fly,
Is quite a hard task,
But finally they leave the nest,
By myself at last!

cont. -

I soar off again on the wind
To where? Destination unknown,
Maybe I'll find somewhere new--
A new nest to call home.

My children all are doing the same,
Their children after them,
The system of a bird's life doesn't change,
Just quietly comes to an end.

Janeen Heiman

Snow

What is white,
and full of fluff.
That you can blow,
with just one puff?
It comes down,
in many ways,
Blowing across
State Highways.
It piles up,
Out-of-doors.
Making it hard,
for doing chores.
What is this,
that floats,
and blows?
The answer to that
Is common S N O W !

Lance Golinghorst

Sweet Dreams

In a land I will see my height of heights my dream of dreams.

Where butterflies will sing with me where birds will nestle high in trees.

Where silver swans will fill the air and golden ducks will not be rare.

There will be buttercups and tulipseeds green grass and rare weeds.

Everything will live in peace - lions, goats, sheep, and geese.

My dream is impossible so it seems but it is as real as can be.

by Amy Fite

The Troublesome Speller

One day, when the fifth grade class went to Language, Mrs. Andrews, the teacher told the class they were going to take a leveling test. After the teacher corrected the papers, she told the students what level of spelling they were in. Scott was in level one, the hardest group of all, and he was one of the worst spellers of the class. When Scott got his test back, he only had 12 words correct out of 50 words.

George, Scott's friend, said, "What did you get on your test, Scott?" Scott didn't say anything.

"I don't want to tell anyone," Scott said a minute later.

"Ha! I bet you got an 'F'!" George laughed.

Tuesday, the pre-test had to be taken to study for Friday's post test. After school instead of studying for the test, Scott, Sam, and George went fishing.

Then when Friday came for the spelling test, Scott, George, and Sam didn't know the words.

"Level 1: mathematics. Level 2: author. Level 3: star." Mrs. Andrews announced.

Later, after the test was over, Mrs. Andrews had the room monitor pick up the papers.

"During Language on Monday, I am going to make an important announcement." the teacher said.

When Monday came and the fifth grade class went to Language, the teacher made her announcement. "In one month, there is going to be a spelling bee."

When Scott heard this, he sunk down deep in his chair. "What am I going to do?" he mumbled to himself. "I almost got every word wrong on my tests!"

When school was dismissed for the weekend, Scott ran right home and told his mother the news. His mom was really surprised!

"You'd better start studying your words, so I can give them to you," said his mother.

"But mother, the spelling bee is only a month away." Scott argued.

"I don't care if it's two months away! Get busy, now!" his mom argued back.

"Okay! I'm going! I'm going!" Scott said suddenly.

Every night after school, instead of going fishing, Scott and the other boys ran home, and studied their spelling words. After they studied them, their parents gave them their words. It took the boys a while to get all their words right, but they finally got them all right.

At the end of April, the fifth grade class went to the high school auditorium for the spelling bee. They couldn't believe their eyes when they saw all the seats in front of the stage. The whole place was crowded with seats! The class filled up the first two rows of seats when it was time to begin.

When it was Scott's turn, the lady on the stage said, "I would like Scott Myers to come up now." When Scott was on the stage, she said, "I want you to do the best you can. Good luck." Then she said, "Spell, refreshener."

"Fefreshener, r-e-f-r-e-s-h-e-n-e-r, refreshener." Scott spelled.

" You are correct." the lady said. Later, when it was Sam and George's turn, they missed most of their words.

Scott had everyone of his words correct, though. Most of the words were very hard for Scott, too. When the spelling bee was over, Scott had won first place. His prizes were a gold medal and a giant blue ribbon.

cont. -

When he got home, he told his mother and father. Later, Scott and his parents celebrated with friends, games, pizza, and pop.

After that day, Scott had perfect scores on all his spelling tests. He was the top speller in the whole class, because he always studied his words!

THE END! ! !

Debbie Penrod

Unicorn

Your white, wavy, main,
curling around your golden
horn. Your perfectly white leg with
a pure gold hoof bent up as if shaking my hand.
Your pink nose so
close. I feel your warm breath.
Your soft, silky, coat
against my face.
Your long eyelashes
fluttering over your sky blue
eyes.
Your tail so long it
touches the ground.
Your head held up
so high. I can tell that you're
proud.
You're..... you're the most
beautiful creature on earth.
The one I love the
most, the unicorn.

Dawn Burmeister

Here's a rhyme
And I'd like for you to listen
You can keep the time
And feel your eyes a glisten
You can use your fingers to keep the beat
And if you can't do that, you can use your feet.
This may sound like a rap song
But it really is not, it is a poem
If you concentrate hard you may
get something out of it
What else I don't know But I kind
of doubt it.
If you still have the time and you
still have the beat
I will end this poem and It'll be discrete.

Augie Ferguson

The Lost Calling

I heard the call of my destiny,
but I didn't answer. Later twill be
convenient enough. Come back tomorrow
can't you see there's no rush

I saw the needs of my visions sight,
but I turned aside. Look left looking right
until it vanished before my eyes.
Fine with me I justified.

I felt the world reaching out to me,
but I withdrew. Don't get too close
I signaled fare warning. I'll help when
It's not such a beautiful morning.

Help me. Help, me. I cried aloud,
I seemed to have lost my way in the crowd
My eyes have grown dim is anyone there?
I don't understand why nobody cares.

Daron Shirey

Summer and Fall

Summer appears
so what is near
is a season of growing.
Plants grow;
Flowers bloom;
Seeds ripen;
Baby birds start flight;
Animals grow in delight.
People also have
fun and take time to swim,
and take picnics
with kin.
Then fall comes
nearer, and school starts.
Leaves turn,
beautiful colors.
Days are bright;
Days are cool;
The sun is out, but
not shining through.
Then fall begins to end,
and what does not appear
is the plants that were near.
Fall is over, so what
begins is the cold
season of winter.

Angie Drummond

The Four Gypsy Rings

A certain tramp was making his way down a tiny road that led through a dark, heavily wooded area. The shadows had lengthened quicker than he had anticipated, and he increased the pitter-patter of his shoeless feet on the dry, pine needle covered earth.

He glanced worriedly about the ancient trees as the round, bright, full moon rose majestically, shedding its bright rays everywhere. But to the tramp it seemed to predict a certain doom. He started to run as a wolf howled. A shiver went up and down his spine. He ran faster, faster, tripped over a fallen tree, and hit his head on something sharp.

The tramp awoke to the smell of herb tea. He inhaled deeply without opening his eyes. The fragrance went to every section of his body, healing all pains.

He became aware of a clinking above him, like many bracelets on an arm. He opened his eyes and beheld an old woman with long black/gray hair falling in waves to her ankles. A slim arm was holding a tin cup of something hot, and on the arm were four bracelets. The tramp instantly wanted those bracelets at all costs.

He sat up slowly and drank the tea that was in the shiny tin cup, all the time watching the bracelets clink and sparkle in the firelight as she moved gracefully.

Finally she sat down across from him.

"I see you have interest in my bracelets," the woman said softly. The tramp nodded eagerly. "They are called 'The Four Gypsy Rings'. They are said to have great power."

The tramp's eyes glowed. Power was what he wanted. The woman turned away and started to turn the spoon in the large iron pot on the fire.

The tramp listened to the clinking of the rings. Then, when he couldn't stand it any more, he leaped from the ground and grabbed the woman's neck. He shook her back and forth, and before long she was limp and gray. He threw her down, grabbed the four rings, and took off into the night.

After a while he stopped in a little clearing and lit a fire. He took the first ring and held it in his hand so it looked like the moon was in the center of it. As he looked at the moon in this manner, the moon faded and was replaced by a large mansion with beautiful grounds. The tramp recognized it as his childhood home, and his hard eyes softened as they filled with tears.

He put the first one down and looked through the second one in the same fashion. This time he saw himself sitting by a fire and looking through a ring. He laid the second one down and looked through the third. This time he saw the same clearing he was in, but it was empty and still. This put a nameless dread into his heart, and he hastened to put that ring away.

The forth and final ring he lifted to the moon and a ray of the moon passed through it, growing brighter as it came closer. The tramp screamed silently and let go of the ring. It stayed there as the beam of light hit the tramp. He glowed white, then disappeared in a flash of light.

In the morning people came to investigate the flash of light. When they got to the clearing, all they could see was a large blackened pit, and four gypsy rings lay in a row at the bottom.

Amy Morrell

Projectiles

All projectiles are different things,
because they can be most anything.
Pencils, pens, rubberbands too,
for people who use them for
something to do. Many started
off as intelligent tools, but
turned into projectiles after
they got to school.

Ann Underwood

Mispeled Words

I hat it wen somone mispels words. It just drivs me up a wal. Wen somone spels "someone" lik this insdead of lik this "somone". Wen u whin a bal gam thay spel whin lik this "win" insdead of like this "when". If u ask me I think evereone's scried-up.

Jenny Siebke

Sorry...

Oh please forgive me if you
may, I have eaten the candy
in the drawer today.
It was quite good,
I must say, but I've become
quite ill from that display.
I'm very sorry, my loving
mummy, but it looked quite
tasty, and oh, so, yummy,
but it turned out to be
quite awful for my tummy!

Ann Underwood

Christmas Trees

Christmas Trees are Wonderful,
Christmas Trees are Great.
Christmas Trees are beautiful,
though you have to wait,
'cause Christmas comes only once a year.
But when it does you'll shed a tear.
Christmas Trees help give joy,
to every little girl and boy.
They wake up on Christmas morn,
to see many packages to be torn.
If it weren't for the tree,
Where would the presents be?

Matt Ware

The Dryer Story

(Young children at home, do not try this stunt, ever!
It could be harmful.)

On a cold winter day, the washer and dryer are going. Inside the dryer, it's pitch black, and you tumble everywhere. There are staticy socks whip-pint you, wet blankets burying you, and snaps and buttons thrashing you. The snaps clink clink against the roaring machine. The inside smells of Cling Free, and a wet, warm fragrance that is so unbearable that you feel claustrophobic. It's too hot, scorching hot. The heat is so hot, that it would burn the flesh off your bones. It's a terrible, sickly, painful situation, one I haven't yet experienced. I hope I never do, either.

Kelli Hoag

If I had $250,000.00, I would pack my bags and go to Chicago. I'd go shopping on Sax 5th Avenue and buy expensive clothes. I'd then go to a show, meet Prince Charming, and take him on a buggy ride. After I'd ditch him, I'd visit my poor Grandma and buy her a house or rent her an apartment overlooking Lake Michigan. No, that may cost too much. I'll take her with me when I go shopping and I'll turn her into an eighties person and take her to a single's bar. Then a street gang will rob us. I knew it wouldn't last.

Kelli Hoag

The Stove

Hi, I'm a stove in the Henderson's kitchen, and right now Mrs. Henderson just burnt some cookies she was baking for her "darling" son. She spoils him rotten, first a cake, then brownies, fudge, and now cookies! I must say he's getting quite chubby. Oh, no, her comes her daughter coming in the door, dying, no doubt, to use a new recipe she got in home ec. today. Yep, here she goes getting the ingredients out. She'll make a big mess, and then her mother will complain about having to clean me. Oh, what I wouldn't do to have a good cook in this house!

Bob Hoepner

Our Tree

Our Christmas tree always looks naked until we add the decorations. If we didn't add all of the lights and decorations, it would be very dull, and it certainly would not look like a Christmas tree! If we put too many decorations on it, it would look very bad too! Kind of out of place.

I think a tree should have decorations or at least an Angel! The decora- make it look bigger than what it really is. It also adds some color to it. The tree always seems to catch people's eyes.

Our tree usually has many things on it. If the tree doesn't have any thing on it, the tree definitely looks very boring.

Robyn Dobernecker

CAROLYN'S MAGIC GENIE

One day, Carolyn read a book called Alladin's Magic Genie. In the story, Carolyn learned that she could be granted three wishes. But her three wishes would be evil.

So, Carolyn went in a museum and got an ancient lamp that dated back to 200 A.D. And it was magic! Carolyn's dream was beginning to come true.

Back at the Karolyn Club, Carolyn and her friends were gathered around the lamp. Carolyn was talking about the lamp and its secret power. Finally, Carolyn said, "Sneaky, you rub the lamp and see what happens." Sneaky did so, and after a few seconds, a real genie came out. It said, "I am yours to command."

Carolyn said to the genie, "Boy, have I got evil deeds for you! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE!"

"What is your first wish?" questioned the genie.

"I want you to kill Super Ann, my worst enemy!"

"I cannot fulfill evil deeds. That is the law of the genies."

"DO IT OR ELSE I WILL KILL YOU!" demanded Carolyn.

The genie had no choice. So, he had to put Super Ann into a deep sleep, never to awaken.

"Excellent!" said Carolyn when she saw Ann lying there asleep. "Now, hear my second wish. I want you to kill Jenny Hartman, the most beautiful girl in Rompersiper, her and my hometown!" The genie remembered his warning, the only warning Carolyn intended to give him. So, although he didn't want to, he did.

When Jenny's mom and dad found out, they were devastated. They also knew that this was the work of Carolyn's unwilling genie.

Then came Carolyn's final wish. "I want you to give me A BILLION MORE WISHES! And I'll be generous and split them up between the 25 of you Karolyns. Each one of you will get one wish apiece. AND THE OTHER 999,999,974 will be for ME! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! HEE! I bet Mr. Hartman is feeling really broken now! HEE! HEE!

Carolyn's next wish was for a new set of machine gun amm. Her next wish was for her dream... "TO RULE THE UNIVERSE...FOREVER!"

Little did Carolyn know that Ann was fooling Carolyn into thinking she was dead. So, Ann ate many super carrots and became Super Ann, the femimine version of Superman... Faster than a rocket. Immune to fire and lightning! Able to leap over airplanes flying at 30,000 ft. on a single jump! It's a rocket! It's a bullet! It's Super Ann! Fighting for freedom from the evil Carolyn and her dirty club.

Carolyn saw Super Ann in the sky. She said to the genie, "I want you to send a lightning bolt directly aimed at Super Ann, the type that even she can't withstand!"

Little did Carolyn know that S.A. had fantastic flying ability, so she dodged that lightning bolt very easily.

Carolyn said a cussword, then said, "Genie, I want you to create a monster that is stronger than Super Ann!"

In no time, Super Ann was tapped on her shoulder by a great big, hairy, purple monster! But, it was no match for Super Ann. Then, she flew towards the clubhouse and the magic lamp.

In no time at all she grabbed the lamp and the control over the genie.

"Genie, I want you to take away all of Carolyn's unused wishes." The wish was promptly granted.

cont. -

"Now, I want you to throw Carolyn in the Rompersiper County jail." That wish was promptly granted.

Meanwhile, at the funeral home, Jenny was placed in a casket in a very pretty dress.

The next day, she was put on display. Everyone who came cried.

But meanwhile, Super Ann said to the genie, "I want you to wake Jenny Hartman." That wish was granted, and everyone at the funeral home cried, not with sadness, but with joy.

Meanwhile, at the home where Carolyn lived, Mr. Harkens was punishing Carolyn. She was grounded for two years. She was put on hard labor. She had all of her priviliges suspended, and, she couldn't leave her room except for school or to use the bathroom facilities.

"NOW, GET TO WORK!" shouted a very disgusted Mr. and Mrs. Harkens, Carolyn's parents.

THE END

Brian Rathjen

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* A Reach for the Stars *

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They boarded the ship, as the people stood still
As in a short while, their dreams would be filled.
There was some commotion, the count down was heard
As more & more people were shaken with nerves.
Then the counter hit zero, it rose to the sky
There were cheers & relief as seconds passed by
When startled by noises & lots of white smoke
I knew my dreams would soon be broke.
The people were shocked by the sound of the blow
With gasps & screams saying, "Where did they go?"
The message was told that the crew had been killed
But I guess in a way, their dreams had been filled
I felt as though my heart were to bleed
As they reached for the stars, but did not succeed
We admire the brave & remarkable crew
As we're sorry it happened, we love and miss you!

Angie Case

All in a Day

I love to look up
into a clear blue sky
and make things of
clouds, but I don't know why.
It makes me feel so good,
lying in the grass.
Hey, that clouds a player
catching a pass!
When the sun goes down.
it starts to get cold
but I'll stay out.
because I'm so bold.
So now comes the moon
and trillions of stars.
And if I'm lucky I might see Mars.
Then the sun comes up.
I begin to cry.
Because now another
day has gone by.

Daryl Fisher

As I was driving along the road one foggy night, there was something very peculiar in the air. I stopped my car and got out because it was making a very strange noise. As I was looking underneath the hood, the car was engulfed in a bright light. I shut the hood and looked up. I saw a ring of lights circling around and around. The light was growing dimmer so I started to head for the door thinking that the unidentified object would leave, but all of a sudden, the light grew brighter. I sat down in the car watching it. The light became so bright that I thought it was going to land but all I saw when I looked up was a street light.

Amy Birtell

On Tuesday I was at home sick. I was bored, so I turned on the T.V. and watched the space shuttle launch. That ended my boredom. The space shuttle dissapated. The explosion was so great that I could feel it in the room. It was an explosion that shattered many dreams.

I feel sorry for the families of the astronauts, especially those who witnessed it "live". I am glad that the explosion was so magnanimous that it ended for the people instantaneously. That way the astronauts didn't have to endure the agony and pain.

This was the worst accident in the history of the space program. Hopefully nothing of this capacity will ever happen again.

Lance Golinghorst

Where do you get the idea for a story?
Does it leap from your pocket?
Or drip from your pen?
Does it creep from your pillow?
Or sit on your chin?
Does it fall from your hair?
Or is it just suddenly
silently there?
Does it sit in a chair
Just sit there and stare?
Until it is written
Or practically rotten?
Until it is anything else but forgotten?
Until it is almost
almost dead,
Does it stare from the darkness
Until it is read?

Terry Wyatt

Time . . .

Time can be life's treasure chest
If used wisely & put to its best
Allow time to do those deeds
Which are important to other's needs
Time to dwell upon life's trend
Time to earn a lasting friend.
Allow time for showing Love
Time for prayer to God above.

Kim Hudson

Mornings

I hate getting up in the early morn
When I do I wish I wasn't born
When I get up, I'm usually tired
I don't know why getting up is required
It takes so much to get out of bed
After all you see I'm a real sleepy head!
Getting out of bed is the worst of all
Except for maybe, my father's loud call!

Angie Case

Fall to Winter to Spring to Summer
And Back to Fall

Fall. . . fall . . . fall,
the prettiest season of all,
the leaves of brilliant colors,
the leaves aren't like each other.

The air so crisp and cold,
and the winds so very bold,
bringing the hint of winter weather,
so quiet and light as a feather.

As dew turns to frost,
the fall is lost,
the winter winds blow,
with light white flakes called snow.

The holidays are no longer.
the winter winds get stronger,
as the flakes of snow pile high,
as you think of warm spring with a sigh.

The hint of spring lingers near,
finally, you now can hear,
the sound of the chinook blowing,
it is no longer snowing.

The spring's so warm and fun,
new flowers are growing in the sun,
new buds are popping open on the trees,
and buzzing sounds can be heard of bees.

The days grow warmer and nice,
the air, you think, no longer feels like ice,
and the corn is growing and growing,
as winds from the south keep blowing.

In the month of July,
the corn is knee high,
the caterpillars are butterflies now,
and the moo is heard from the neighbor's cow.

The days cool off and fall is near,
as the school year once more appears,
you think, where did the summer go?
The cool winds began to blow.

Kelli Hoag

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